

PETALS FROM BUDDHA'S TREE

words by Ree Dragonette
music by Tui StGeorge Tucker

Moderato

mp TIME WILL BE

WHEN VI-VI-D OR REAL

clock-like

ON-LY AS MOTES PAS-SING

YOU WILL NOT SEE

ME, NOT E-VEN IN SPECK-LES HUR-RY-ING

OUT OF YOUR EYES.

I WILL TRY TO RE-MEM-BER ~~WE~~ GLEAMED: HOW YOU SAID WE WERE

SAP- PHIRE'S CHIL- DREN

mf DROW-SING, IF I yield to you,
Soft as possible

L.H.

mf IN- STANT- LY AT- TAR ON WIND -

ARE WE BLESSED?

Subito

ARE WE BLOWN TO IN-DI-

A AND I BE-COME BLOOM IN YOUR ARMS

UN- DER BUD-DHA'S TREE?

8va